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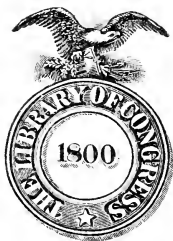
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1912

The Image Makers

and other Poems

By CHARLES C. ELY



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The Image Makers

and other Poems

By CHARLES C. ELY

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1912

DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF MY
BROTHER FREDERICK ELY
WHO DIED
JANUARY 27, 1911.

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Yours truly
Charles C. Ely

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INSPIRATION

Drink of the Gods from fields Parnassian brought!
 A message to the soul sublime with thought.
 Invigorating draught! Celestial fare!
 That wakes the soul to thoughts and feelings rare!
 Thy name suggests a visitation bright;
 Thy coming is the soul's supernal light;
 Thy presence is the soul's supremest height;
 An elevated thought, a bright conception,
 A subtle prompting or a new perception,
 An impulse, motive, fancy, or desire,
 Enkindled by Enthusiasm's fire.
 Who can this holy Presence entertain,
 But one of quickened feelings and high aim,
 Who at some fount Castalian may dwell,
 And drink the Muse's soul within her dell?
 May any by this power be uplifted,
 Save one who with creative soul is gifted?
 In art, or verse, or song, or speech sublime,
 Who does not with deep feeling truth combine?
 They only may high Inspiration claim
 Who have enlightened souls to catch the flame;
 And hearts attuned to Nature's harmonies,
 That they may catch Her subtle melodies.

IMAGINATION

By its creative force, with Nature, Truth,
And Reason guides, Imagination deep,
The primal power of the soul, fills all
The space beyond things known; constructs from what
Now is that which shall be; essays Great God
Himself; annihilates both time and space,
And turns into new forms those things that are;
And from life's varied scenes, from Memory's
Deep labyrinths, new worlds creates, more bright
And filled with hopes attained, and joy and love;
The Architect supreme of man's desires.
Here then indeed the Soul doth find strong wings
To rise above the common thought, and join
In sweet accord time present and to come;
And in extreme degrees of new delights
Lives in a higher and a grander light,
The mental sight by which the Soul sees God,
And in her prayer communion holds with Him:
Or region, the antipodes of bliss,
This power creates, where pain unending tries
The soul diseased, ungrateful, unredeemed.

FANCY

Untrammelled in her bold capricious flight,
Is winged Fancy soaring, airy light,
Just following the soul's free inclinations,
And of the absent forming thought creations.
She comes and goes as shadows come and go,
But unlike shadows, leaves some trace to show.
She comes on wings as silent as the dew,
Having in hand the heart's-ease or the rue.
Unto the jealous lover Fancy brings
Excruciating torments on her wings;
To the accepted visions of sweet bliss—
The loves embrace, the ecstasy, the kiss.
When love and hope, illusory thoughts inspire.
Quick Fancy images the heart's desire.
When images of fear possess the soul
Calm Reason unto Fancy yields control.
She comes in the still watches of the night,
With ominous presentments that affright;
And in the early morning's rosy light,
With new conceits displacing those of night.
The devotee gives zealous Fancy play
In hopeful visions of the future day.
The grace in art, her fantasies enhance

And give the pleasing touch unto romance.
The products of the brush and of the pencil,
The cold result of mallet and of chisel,
In lights and shades and color blendings tasteful,
Reveal her presence in their figures graceful.
Creative Fancy's felt in every place ;
Here, in the world of duty with God's grace ;
Here, in the world of love and hate and fears,
Of gladness and of sadness and of tears ;
Here, in the kingdom of the bright ideal ;
There, in the vision land of the unreal.

FANCY'S CREATIONS

Fancy's creations, happy, sportive, bright ;
 Or with foreboding images replete ;
 Take form, as Love, Fear, Hope, or Joy inspires.
 Through Fancy's glass prismatic Love looks forth ;
 The youth an angel sees. To him the ground
 Is holy where she treads ; her bower is Heaven ;
 Herself divine. The maiden fair perceives
 A hero in the object of her love
 With rare and noble qualities his own,
 Who fills her yearning, loving heart's desire.
 By Fear possessed, shadows to monsters grow ;
 Instinct with life they seem and most appalling.
 Sweet hope our faith with visions fair upholds,
 Reveals bright glimpses of a world beyond,
 And bears us to that happy realm in dreams.
 By Joy inspired, gay, happy Fancy laughs
 Dull Care's perplexities away, and drinks
 The sparkling essences of life in feigned
 Felicity. Though light and gossamer,
 O Fancy fond, thou art the buoyancy
 Of love, of hope, of joy ; illusions sweet,
 To memory dear.

NATURE'S VOICE

(*In The Thunder Storm.*)

I.

While the birds their songs are giving ;
While the sun with warmth is beaming ;
While caressing winds are wooing,
And all Nature's seeming peaceful,
And our thoughts the while are tranquil ;
Lo ! from out the Western sky come
Clouds, portentous, darkly threatening ;
Rising, spreading and advancing ;
Heavy with moist condensations ;
Big with windy inspirations ;
Surcharged with electric forces ;
Horrid monster of the heavens !
Now he sends the rain in down-pour ;
Breaks the chains that bind the wind-storm ;
Splits the frightened air asunder
That cries out in painful protests,
Following the heels of lightnings
With her thunder-voice appalling,
Banging, clapping, thunder rolling
Quivering protests, in regaining

Her composure, her true balance ;
 This elastic soul of Nature,
 With her fearful voice titanic.
 Thus this monster passes onward,
 Or is spent in dissipation ;
 And again the sky is peaceful,
 Sun is shining, winds are wooing,
 Birds are singing, and the quiet
 Muse invites you now to harken
 Unto Nature's kindlier voices.

(In the Winds.)

II.

Listen ! to the sighing, sighing,
 As the gentle murmuring Winds pass.
 Do you know what they are saying
 To the Trees with waving branches,
 Deep within the woods primeval ;
 During all the budding spring time,
 During all the time of summer ?
 Thus the Winds in softest murmurs
 Pay their court unto the Trees there,
 Wooing, wooing, with their warm breath,
 Laden with the balm of fir trees,

With the odor of the meadows ;
 And the Trees, like joyous maidens,
 Bend their heads and wave their branches,
 Dancing, flirting, sighing, sighing,
 As the fickle and embracing
 Zephyrs kiss them as they pass on
 Going no one knoweth whither.

III.

When the summer has departed,
 And the fall Winds come among them
 With a cooler breath and chilling,
 With a voice less soft and wooing ;
 Lo ! the Forest dons a new dress,
 Dress of red and brown and yellow,
 Sign of age, of youth departing,
 Making brilliant all the landscape
 With her foliage resplendent ;
 As a woman, her youth vanished,
 Dons her satins and her jewels.
 Feebly clinging, gently yielding,
 As our souls when life is ending,
 These bright-winged spirits flutter,
 Flutter to their restful haven ;

Or are roughly scattered by the
 Wrathful winds that blow them, symbol
 Of our lives when rudely taken,
 Leaving bare the trunks and branches,
 Leaving bare love-nooks and bowers,
 Making desolate the woodlands.

IV.

And the winter! Oh, the winter!
 Pinching, biting, chilling winter!
 When the Winds in anger blowing,
 Moaning, whistling through the branches,
 Drive unto the ground the life-blood
 Of the leafless, cheerless forest,
 Locked and chained there by his mandate,
 Locked within his ice-embraces;
 Chained by laws that have no mercy.

V.

But ye hills and valleys leaf shorn,
 Desolated! in the spring time
 Will the sun awake to new life
 Your great winter-chilled heart-blood;
 Up along the trunks and branches,

Leaping through the trunks and branches,
 And by Nature's secret magic
 Burst out into life and vigor
 All the erstwhile slumbering forest
 Just as though the winter were not ;
 And the earliest zephyrs whispering,
 Fresh from warmer climes returning,
 Welcome the advent of spring time
 And begin their yearly wooings,
 With their sighings and their murmurings.

(In Running Waters.)

VI.

Oh, the Winds are restless, restless,
 Changing ever, ever changing,
 Blowing hot and blowing coldly,
 Whispering love-words, acting rudely.
 Do not take the Winds for suitors !
 O ye young and budding Saplings ;
 Learn a lesson from your elders ;
 Read the story of your sisters,
 How in youth with youth they flirted,
 How in age Old Age was heartless.
 Take the Sun that's ever constant ;

Take the Sun whose genial warmth, and
Beaming, cordial life doth lift up
And restore the broken-hearted.
Take the Sun whose vernal ardor
Breaks the icy bands of winter ;
Frees the winter prisoned waters
Locked in snow-bound fields and hill tops,
Rippling, murmuring, laughing waters
On their way through glen and valley,
On o'er rocks and precipices,
Shouting, roaring, thundering Spring-Time's
Joyous, yearly reawakening.
Take the Sun whose rays each morning
Dry away the pearly dew drops —
Tears that gather in his absence,
That from twig and leaf hang pendant.
Take the Sun whose chords though silent
Speak through all of Nature's voices.
Take the Sun whose vital acts are
Proof of all his benefactions,
Proof of loyal genial nature !

(From the Sea.)

VII.

None but heroic lines may well describe
Thy majesty O Ocean broad and deep,
Thy billows and the thunders of thy voice
Upon thy rock-bound coasts and shallow shores—
The mills of Neptune that so fine and slow,
To particles impalpable, do grind
The pebbly beach and rocks and sand, and lap
Them to and fro in ceaseless flow and ebb,
With cadences that soothe and rest the soul.
Not from thy depths profound, O Mighty Sea,
Is heard thy voice, there art thou ever dumb;
But on thy surfaces in billows tossed,
Or shallow shelves that skirt the continents
Where swells from distant storms are spent in surf.
Twice in a lunar day thy bosom heaves,
Twice in a lunar day thy bosom falls,
The daily breathings of thy mighty chest,
And lo! upon opposing coasts the tides
Advance and twice recede unto the sea,
Grinding the land, the pebble, rock and sand,
To feed thy hungry maw insatiate.

There's room enough within thy basin wide
To take in every continent, in their
Slow marches to the sea, by rivers, rills,
And mountain streams, and leave no Ararat
To rest an ark upon, or olive grove
Wherein the weary dove of peace may find
A resting place.

MAN'S DUAL NATURE

O Complex, Dual-nature Man. Twin born—
The evil with the good. Who, to account
For evil, hath invented reasons false,
And clothed them in a shape unnatural.
A devil, legacy from age remote,
Hath he declared the source responsible ;
But natural is evil, and from it
The good in mortals is inseparable ;
And, with a conscience and a will,—the gift
To know, the power to choose,—man is forewarned,
Forearmed ; yet Adam-like, mankind prefers
The tempting fruit forbid'n. And ever was
The devil most convenient scapegoat for
The devilry of man ! Through Reason's glass
The devil is a human nature bent
To evil purposes. Observe his traits.
Are they not man's ? Are they not human traits ?
For what infernal acts may not desire
Persuade the Will of man to do ! Indeed
An angel is a mortal led by love ;
To what self-sacrifice will Love endure !
These natures inharmonious, opposed,
Supply the motives and direct the will

As dominates the evil or the good.
 Thus never ending, in man's little brain
 Contend the elements of heaven and hell.
 Emotions, passions, good and bad, have since
 The first, a strong, determined conflict waged,
 Now good, and evil now predominant ;
 So from time past till this, and so from this,
 Till Virtue's crown by conflict shall be gained.
 Nor vain the cause, since Evil of the Good
 Betrays such wholesome fear and dread, he seeks
 In darkness and deceit (his refuge vain!)
 For cover and escape.

And now upon
 This many thousandth year of Man's estate,
 And of his stewardship, the good prevails,
 As shown in growth of character ; the fruit
 Of countless moral strifes, wherein have souls,
 Beloved and honored in succeeding times,
 Souls which in memory, thought and actions live,
 Laid down their lives, by loving labor spent
 Toward the consummation hoped of man's
 Redemption from himself, by nature bound
 To selfishness and greed. Each generous life,
 Each kindly act of love and sympathy,

A record leaves upon the minds of men—
The book of life eternal and divine,
Wherein is writ the Ages' precious gems
Of loving thought and noble deeds sublime!
Thus on, and on, and on, progressively,
The thoughts, the deeds, the soul of man may live!

THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL

(The Seat of Character.)

The Tree of Knowledge—Conscience.

I.

The tree of knowledge grows within the soul.
It is the Conscience knowing good and bad ;
The voice of God ; the Soul's good Monitor
That sits enthroned 'twixt reason and desire ;
The Judge severe of what man would and what
He ought to do, demanding nothing less
Than justice, truth and right. 'Twas planted there
When first the mind by duty was impressed,
And with its growth up spring the virtues all
That flow'r in sweet and everlasting bloom.
This Monitor revered forms character ;
Brings happiness, the fruit most sought of life.
Ignored, the soul, degenerate, misled,
Conscious of nakedness, before the face
Of Virtue hides. Within the conscience lies
The moral battle-ground. Here Virtue strives,
And also Vice, for the supremacy ;
The destiny of man.

The Tree of Life—Character.

II.

From out of its environments of Love's
 Sweet mold, or of Hate's harsh, malignant soil,
 Of Reason's light, or Superstition's shade,
 The soul, immortal entity of man,
 Takes on its character; its disposition;
 Its individual self; that which is man;
 That which he apprehends himself to be.
 By strife, by trial, is the soul revealed!
 Behold its character: no stronger than
 The will, the subtle Temper to withstand.
 Immune to Defamation's venom'd tongue,
 The character is lost by wilful acts
 Alone. One wilful sinful act; and thus
 Is character dethroned. Put on, O you,
 Who fall from Character's supreme estate,
 The sackcloth of repentance and depart.
 None, none can lose and still be undismayed,
 Unapprehensive, self-reliant, brave!

Inspired Fount—Enthusiasm.

III.

Enthusiasm: fountain of the soul,
Fed with perennial springs of fancy or
Of truth by joyous inspirations through
Her portal wide. Blest fount! if Reason at
The portal stands; accursed! if Prejudice
Stands there; if Fantasy the hour rules,
Or yet, if inspiration finds its way
Through darksome unenlightenment, wherein
Bold Superstition's stupid, vandal hand
Lays waste to Reason's happy realm. Sincere
Is the uplifted soul, the soul thus stirred,
Yet damned errors it has oft embraced
And nourished with a zeal sublime! The Truth
Is made triumphant by its fervent force,
And by it absurd Error may confound.
Be certain then that Reason is on guard,
That Virtue stirs the pool; then drink, and drink
Again the ardent draught; when otherwise,
And Bigotry intolerant attends,
Touch not, drink not of the inspired fount.

Flowers of Hope and Faith.

IV.

Like Mother Earth, the Garden of the Soul
Contains inspiring blooms—the flowers of truth ;
And hope indigenous, perennial here,
Up springs with bright expectancy and joy ;
And faith, the flow'r of promise, e'er presents
Unto the Source of Life, its upturned face
Throughout the constant and exultant day.

Rose of Love.

V.

Upon the border of this garden grows
The rose of love in its varieties :
Affection, sympathy and gratitude,
Compassion, pity, pride and reverence ;
In beauty differing as their names appear,
Exhaling good-will and beneficence ;
A joy unto the denizens of Earth,
To Heaven, a frankincense both sweet and wild.

Rivers—Grace, Mercy and Wisdom.

VI.

And nourished are they all, the tree, the flower,
By streams of Grace and Loving-Mercy, forth
Proceeding from the will and hand of God ;
While streams of Wisdom from experience,
Down trickle through the crevices of time,
Down to the ocean of Eternity,
Supporting on their bosoms deep, the best
The Garden of the Soul doth yield.

Habitant—The Will.

VII.

Mankind created with desires, has means
Within his reach, like apples on low boughs,
To pamper them ; has conscience given him
By which he knows where virtue ends, where vice
Begins ; to guide him also reason has ;
Intelligence. Above them all a Will
To choose has he both free and unrestrained,
Save only by his conscious moral force.
This gift like unto God commands the right,
Or as the Evil-One selects the wrong.

To well determine then this mighty grace,
 This right divine to rule himself, man has
 A book, true Nature's book, God's law therein
 Is writ—"Be temperate, be kind, be true,
 Be just"; for there indeed lies happiness!
 The Will's supremest trust.

Habitant—Reason.

VIII.

The Reason: Open door of the just soul
 Through which all trusty inspirations come;
 The faculty supreme in man that makes
 Him near divine; the comprehension clear
 By which he knows the Maker in His works,
 And searches out the principles occult
 In Nature's laws; the common sense to know
 Plain, modest Truth from Falsehood's bold pretense.
 The Reason:—that controlling modicum
 Of the Creation, that makes finite man
 Co-partner of the Infinite!
 The Reason and the Conscience: Are they not
 The true, the natural ministers of God?
 Do they not teach the ways of righteousness
 And truth? By what means other than by these
 May man have faith or hope, or know God's will
 By him is done?

Habitant—Creative Power.

IX.

The soul-creative is by nature twain—
 Imagination grave and Fancy light.
 As man and woman, by Dame Nature bent,
 Their duties separate do now appear :
 One by his plastic art plans structures real,
 The other, phantom castles in the air ;
 One seeks his marble in the quarry hard,
 The other finds her “marble” in the clouds ;
 One labors to find out the Great Unknown,
 Who is in Nature and by Reason seen ;
 The other in her airy dreams conceives
 That she has found the Great-First-Cause and End ;
 One’s of a turn that’s serious and deep ;
 The other playful, versatile and bright,
 And by her combinations light and gay,
 To life presents peculiar joy and zest,
 A beauty, grace and rich embellishment.
 Through nature these creative faculties,
 One reason led, unreasoning the other,
 Complete the dual-sweet conceptions of the soul.

The realm of soaring Fancy's in the air,
 The clouds her chariot, her steeds the winds ;
 That of Imagination is the earth,
 Firm rock his throne, broad nature his delight ;
 Reason his power ; revealing truth his aim.

Habitant—Hope

X.

Man's bright star, hope, is ever veiled in clouds ;
 Its full effulgence is unseen, vouchsafed
 Not unto him because of fear, effect of sin,
 Or Superstition's senseless reasonings.
 But hope, such glimpses as he has, is man's
 Sustaining power ; his inspiration sweet ;
 The dear expectancy ; the living stream
 That nourishes desire. What blessings dwell
 Beyond that veil ! the promises to faith
 And firm belief. Shall man yet pierce the clouds,
 To make his hope a certainty ? a joy ?
 Not while his conscience guilty of offence
 Attends ! But doubts and fears by Virtue's strength
 Are overcome, and by it hope is realized ;
 And thus may fear be banished, while fond hope,
 So useless then, takes on reality !

Of this most quiet, blissful change think not
 As near, though it is free for all to have.
 Uncertain, doubting, fearing, buoyant Hope
 Has many eons yet, in clouds to dwell,
 Sin-burdened man to cheer, ere sin and fear
 Are banished, and hope's clouded rays dissolve
 In brighter, clearer light. Without some fear
 Would hope be certainty. Without some hope
 Would fear, disconsolate, take on despair !

Habitant—Joy.

XI.

The soul's refreshment—joy ; sweet sparkling drops
 From Virtue's cup divine ; essence of happiness ;
 Serenity in hope ; delight in love ;
 The pleasure in success ; the pride in gain ;
 The state of mind that has no doubt, no fear ;
 The property of self approving minds ;
 The genial sunshine of a soul at peace.
 Joy's heaven serene ; the soul is its abode ;
 Its voice—the tuneful choir harmonious
 Of heart and soul in songs of gratitude.

LOVE

I.

Reverence—Love of God.

Restraining, guiding power, Reverence!
Of Fear born, yet partaking more of Love;
The child of Love and Fear, deep Filial Fear,
Not Base—(that brat of Sin and Coward mean;)
But Fear allied to Love of God; a deep
Respect for excellence and rightful power;
A truth and justice loving son. Without
This loving reverential fear The Good
Were dead; the passions to extremes would run,
Destruction bringing great and imminent;
Desire to greed would unrestrained lead,
And jealousy most deeply dyed to crime;
Hope by despair would be engulfed quite,
And grief by moping melancholy sad;
Would joy to sorrow turn, and direful hate
To riot speed. O Reverence! blest be
Thy power—the product of ten thousand years
Of poor Humanity's most strong desires
For justice, truth and righteousness.

Gratitude—Love of Earth.

II.

Contentment dwells on Earth in grateful hearts.
 Not elsewhere look for this felicity
 Should you not find it there. The evidence
 Of gratitude is health and happiness;
 Who these possess have shown the most of grace.
 This virtue rare could make of Earth a heaven,
 Were there the effort, thought and prayer to make
 It blest, as go to its disparagement.
 Oh, think of this! vain, thankless man whose eyes
 Are on the future bent, ungratefully.
 What ground for hope have they who scorning this,
 Expect a better, happier world beyond,
 Save through the pity of the Infinite?
 Are they not right who rightly live? May not
 All grateful denizens of Earth partake
 Of what the future has for Hope, for Faith?
 May not all grateful souls enjoy what God
 Doth in His wisdom give; find Heaven in Earth
 And Earth in Heaven, and act their thankful part
 In life's great tragedy, with problem deep—
 The soul's futurity?

LOVE

Sympathy—Love of Man.

III.

True Sympathy ; responsive chord harmonious !
That joins all souls and hearts reciprocal,
In fellowship and in communion sweet,
True link of friendship ; messenger of love ;
Relation kind that makes our burdens light,
Our hopes, our joys, our loves, our faith more strong ;
That soothes the wounded heart, the troubled mind ;
The common ground that all do stand upon,
Who have a hope of heaven, or fear of death.
Where'er misfortune falls, or Sorrow dwells ;
Where Fortune smiles, or joys possess the soul.
This truest, kindest, tenderest attribute
Reveals always the brotherhood of man.

Pity—God's Love Compassionate.

IV.

Is there a tongue that can acceptably
Commiserate with objects pitiable?
With those unfortunate? With those debased?
For pity, most unwelcomed dew of man's
Humanities, can find no willing ear ;

No look expressing gratitude, except
 The humble (?) thrifty beggar's mean and low,
 His stock in trade well worn by daily use;
 Or in the wretch, who, trembling, fearing, pleads
 For mercy kind; by such 'tis truly prized
 When pity tempers justice. Nature all
 Doth yearn for sympathy; for pity none.
 How unacceptable is kindliness,
 Or charities, or tender hearts, or good
 Intent, with pity, not unmixed with scorn!
 But to the giver kind is pity sweet!
 Its measure is a pittance or a sigh.
 This bitter-sweet, to fortune only sweet,
 This passion unrepaid, rejected, scorned,
 Is but a wasted product mostly, forged
 From tender, kindly, sympathetic hearts;
 A toiler profitless, that cultivates
 The ragweed and the thistle, just outside
 The fertile fields of sympathy and love;
 That takes from Industry and gives to Sloth;
 Encourages both beggary and vice.
 But pity scorned and unrequited lives!
 Lives in the heart and there finds its reward,
 And though none may be grateful, yet the heart
 Is blest in rendering. And rich the world
 For pity is, 'twere hard indeed with none!

LOVE

Objects of pity pity not their like;
Between them is a wretched sympathy.
That which appeals to pity is beyond
Humanity to aid. An attribute
Of God is pity. Can a being less,
Acceptably bestow this kind regard,
This love compassionate?

LIFE

O, Mother Earth, unvalued home of man !
Designed for his enjoyment full, for his
Delight. Unnumbered millions thankless live
And cheaply hold their heritage and die ;
Many because of vice no joy can find,
For vice turns sweetness into bitterness ;
And some because of hopes of better state
Beyond, ignore the present, that for this
Their future may be blest. Ascetics take
No sweets, which is as great ingratitude,
As to partake of them too much. These two
Extremes of sin bereave their lives of joy :
But yet are some who stand on middle ground,
The temperate, who now receive and share
The bounteous gifts inherited, and leave
Posterity their legacy of love.
This world is not for Man's delusion given :
A joyous gift is it to grateful souls ;
For life is sweet to those who use it well.
'Tis sweet in youth, when innocent of cares,
In sports and books the days glide swiftly by ;
'Tis sweet in manhood's years, through industry,

L I F E

To make the clinched hand of Fortune yield
A competence of honor and of wealth ;
'Tis sweet in reason to enjoy ; 'tis sweet
With sympathy to linger at Love's shrine,
And sweet in friendship's interchange ; 'tis sweet
In riper years to retrospect upon
A fair and just career ; 'tis sweet at last !
When man must yield to Time the zest of life,
To take the rest that Nature has designed,
That kindly Nature pityingly provides.

GOOD AND EVIL

The Good.

In man's nature is a spirit
Which is striving for perfection ;
For his soul is ever restless
To attain the highest knowledge ;
Knocking at God's own dominion—
At the sealed book of Dame Nature ;
And his heart is ever yearning
For the milk of human kindness ;
For fair dealing, simple justice,
For the love that proves unselfish.
Strange it is not that he honors
With a love approaching worship
Those who live for truth and justice,
Who have made the way less clouded
'Twixt himself and his Creator.

The Evil.

Deep within that nature also
Is the brutal instinct vicious,
Selfish, cruel, base, malignant.
O ingratitude abhorrent !
Oh ! the grief ! the tears ! the sorrow !—
Man's inheritance of Evil.

A MINIATURE UNIVERSE

Each man's a universe within himself ;
His body is the Earth ; his will the power
Supreme that moves it ; reason is his sun ;
Intelligence his day ; and ignorance his night ;
His many hopes his constellation high ;
His infancy the misty nebula ;
Old age the silvery moon ; his span of life
The measure of his day ; his joy is heaven ;
Remorse his hell ; Nature's his inspiration ;
And his creative soul supplies his world.
His mind embraces all realities,
And Heaven or Hell within its precincts dwells.

SHORTEST CATECHISM

What is wrong to do?

Answer :—

Anything that harms one's self or neighbor.

What is right to do?

Answer :—

All else.

What is wrong not to do?

Answer :—

Anything within your power to help your neighbor.



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